

Fond Recollections
OF
The Hahnemann Hospital
School of Nursing
THE HAHN-O-SCOPE



CLASS OF 1927

Dedication

TO

EVA J. HOOD, R. N.

A woman of reserve,
Of poise and dignity,
Strength and nerve,
And from her duty
Ne'er did swerve.

Always just,
Never overbearing,
True to her trust,
Kind and daring,
Ne'er did get fussed.

Patient and persevering,
Conscientious, too,
Capable of mastering
Tasks hard to do;
Ne'er tired of doing

A woman of honor,
Neatness, completeness,
A lover of children,
A great reader of books,
With all she has a soul.

HELEN WORNER LYMAN,

Class of 1927.



EVA J. HOOD, R.N.
Superintendent of Nurses, 1902-1927



S. ANNABEL SMITH, R.N.
Superintendent of Nurses



HERBERT P. LEOPOLD, A.M., M.D., F.A.C.S.
Chairman of the Hahnemann Hospital School of Nursing Committee



THE HOSPITAL AND NURSES' HOME



THE GREATER HAHNEMANN



The Hahnemann Medical College was incorporated and organized in 1848, and is the oldest institution of its kind in existence. Under the first charter it was known as the "Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania."

The three prominent founders were Dr. Constantine Hering, Dr. Walter Williamson and Dr. Jacob Jeanes. Dr. Hering had received the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Wurzburg in 1826. Dr. Jeanes and Dr. Williamson were doctors of medicine of the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1867 there was a division between the newly-organized "Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia" and the "Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania." These two schools were rivals until 1869, when a reunion was effected, the consolidation taking place under the name of the "Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia." The College advanced rapidly to its present high grade of efficiency and prosperity. In 1894 the four-year course was enforced.

The Museum of Hahnemann College has long been an object of particular interest to graduates and teachers. It was started in 1850, when the Faculty began the collection of morbid and normal anatomical specimens, which are the most complete in the country. All branches of medicine can be illustrated by means of specimens of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, zoology, materia medica and surgery. The world-famous dissection of the cerebro-spinal nervous system by Dr. Rufus B. Weaver is stored in the fireproof vault. The preparation was included in the

exhibit sent to the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. A diploma granted to the College for the display says: "An award is granted for the number and variety of specimens and the skill and patience demanded in the preparation of the cerebro-spinal nervous system of a human body, the only one of its kind in existence."

The College Library, begun in 1867, now contains more than 15,000 bound volumes. This includes the priceless collections of the works of Paracelsus (1493-1541), among the most complete in the world, which represents fifty years' work of the late Dr. Constantine Hering. So precious is this collection that it lies in a safe place in the fireproof vault. The works of Samuel Hahnemann in the original Homeopathic journals of this and other countries are also among the collection. This is the most complete library of Homeopathic literature in the country.

With the opening of the College, a Dispensary was organized in 1848, for the double purpose of giving the opportunity to the poor for Homeopathic treatment, and also to furnish clinics of the College with cases for practical instruction for students. Up to 1906, 758,229 cases were treated. In 1923 the new Dispensary building was opened, which offered abundant and badly needed service for the increasing number of outpatients, as well as improved facilities for this line of medical teaching. This event marks a decided step forward for the Hospital.

Hahnemann Hospital

The charter was obtained April 20, 1850, for the Hospital, which was then located on Chestnut Street, near the Schuylkill River. Vincent Bradford was President of the Hospital.

In 1853 a Fair was given for the support of the Hospital and \$2800 was raised. The Hospital remained in existence only two years, when it closed for want of support. All furnishings and supplies were given to the Soldiers' Hospital during the War of Rebellion.

After various attempts to re-establish a Hospital, a group of women held a meeting at the College in September, 1862, and an association for management of the Hospital was organized. The Faculty fitted up suitable rooms in the building in the rear of the College for reception of sick and wounded soldiers. The United States Government would not let soldiers who preferred Homeopathy go to this building for treatment, but many discharged soldiers were received and cared for. However, soon after the war the Hospital again closed.

The Faculty of the College, feeling the need of a Hospital for teaching purposes, originated a movement in 1869 for holding a large Fair at Horticultural Hall. This was a great success. Seventeen thousand was made during the two weeks of the Fair.

In 1870 money was invested by Trustees of the Hospital and College to purchase property on Filbert Street above Eleventh. This was a brick building of five stories and contained thirty-five beds. It was the Old Soldiers' Hospital site. In 1871 it was formally opened, but incomplete. In 1886 it was completed. During this period 5478 patients were treated.

In 1880 the Hospital was found to be inadequate, the location and surroundings were poor, and so efforts were made to find a new site.

There was constant dispute between College and Hospital as to whether there would be one management for both. This resulted in division again. The newly-elected Trustees of the College appointed a committee to secure a new lot for the College and Hospital buildings. The site on Broad Street, above Race, was found and purchased for \$103,666, and with this the construction of a new College and Hospital began. On November 6, 1884, the cornerstone was laid by Grand Officers of the Masonic Fraternities of Pennsylvania. Governor Robert Patterson made the address.

In 1885 a meeting was held to again merge the two institutions into one corporation, and on May 16, 1885, the Charter was given, with the title of Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital of Philadelphia. The following year the Hahnemann Hospital Association was formed for the purpose of aiding in the erection and maintenance of the Hospital, and, as far as possible, assist in providing for needs and comforts of the patients. This Association raised \$5000 in December, 1886. There were receptions, teas, garden parties and fairs. In 1887 this Association made plans for the fair held in Horticultural Hall and helped greatly with preparations for this international convention.

In 1895 the Junior Auxiliary of the Hahnemann Hospital Association was formed. This group was composed of younger members, daughters and friends, their purpose being to raise funds and to look after the interests of the children. Many donations were received of toys, pictures, books and the like.

The Children's Homeopathic Hospital asked to merge with Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital on condition that there be a ward for children.

The new building for the College was completed and opened for inspection. It was dedicated September 21, 1886.

In 1887 the first Hospital building opened, which contained thirty beds, and was provided with an Outpatient Department, a steam heating plant and an electrical plant.

After the Johnstown flood in 1889 the Hospital Staff was the first to offer its service to Governor Beaver.

A branch dispensary was established in that community and 3040 patients were treated.

School of Nursing

The School of Nursing was established in October, 1890. Mrs. George C. Thomas generously contributed money for the salary of the Superintendent.

In 1901 Mr. George C. Thomas bought the ground adjoining for the Nurses' Home and the Maternity Building and Power House. Up to and including 1927 six hundred and six students have been graduated.

The Superintendents of Nurses have been :

MISS LOUISA KELLNER	1890-1892
MISS ALICE BROWNLEY.....	1892-1902
MISS EVA J. HOOD.....	1902-1927
MISS S. ANNABEL SMITH.....	1927

In 1905, there were 150 beds in the Hospital and new buildings were under construction. In 1906 the Nurses' Home, Maternity Building and Power House were dedicated.

Gifts :

Elizabeth Fitch Wilber.....	Operating Room
William L. Elkins.....	Operating Room (Amphitheatre)
Agnes W. Walton.....	Clinical Laboratory

"In certis unitas, in dubus libertas, in omnibus caritas."



HERBERT L. NORTHROP, M.D., F.A.C.S.
Surgeon-in-Chief



G. HARLAN WELLS, M.D.
Physician-in-Chief



WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, M.D.



JOHN M. SMITH
Director of Hahnemann Hospital



WARREN C. MERCER, M.D., F.A.C.S.



D. BUSHROD JAMES, M.D.



FRANK C. BENSON, JR., M.D.



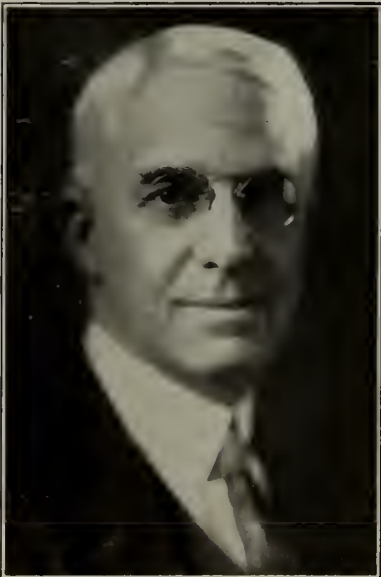
JOHN A. BROOKE, M.D., F.A.C.S.



HARRY ADAMS, M.D.



EVERETT A. TYLER, M.D.



LEON T. ASHCRAFT, M.D., F.A.C.S.



J. MILLER KENWORTHY, M.D.



AUBREY B. WEBSTER, M.D., F.A.C.S.



FRED W. SMITH, M.D., F.A.C.S.



FRANK O. NAGLE, M.D.



BENJAMIN K. FLETCHER, M.D.



RALPH BERNSTEIN, M.D., F.A.C.S.



DEACON STEINMETZ, M.D., F.A.C.S.



JOHN A. BORNEMAN, P.D.



J. CARL CRISWELL, D.D.S.

The Florence Nightingale Pledge

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."



AMEY ELIZABETH BARDENS, R.N.
Instructor in Theory



LOIS IRENE BAUSMAN, R.N.
Instructor in Elementary Nursing



MARY ELIZABETH KLEIN, R.N.
Supervisor of Operating Room



ALICE FRANCES GUINEY, R.N.
Supervisor of Women's Building



THE HEAD NURSES

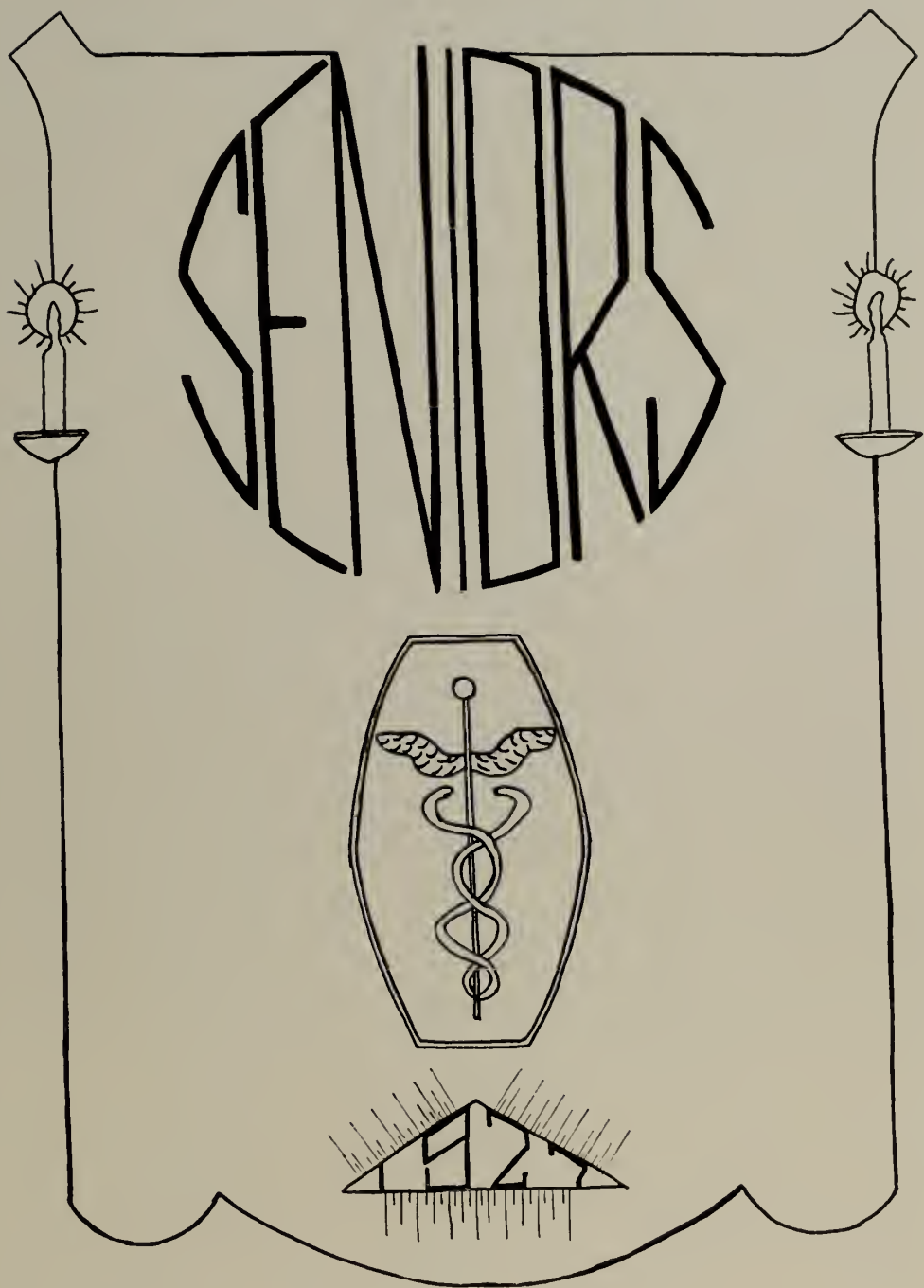
Top Row (left to right)—Frances C. Lowber, R.N., L. Juneau Fluck, R.N., Helen Deakyne, R.N., Hazel H. Larson, R.N., Violet A. Sibley, R.N., Emily Cune, Dorothy C. Haas, R.N.

Bottom Row (left to right)—E. Elizabeth Elwell, R.N., Corienne M. Broad, R.N., E. Marie Brown, R.N., Ethel A. Thompson, R.N., Dora A. Weischadle, R.N., Susan C. Dougherty, R.N., Sarah D. Fine, R.N., Ruth C. Romig, R.N.



THE STAFF

Agnes A. Johnston,	Helen W. Lyman (Editor),	Hannah E. Townsend,	Anna West
	Lee Anna B. Knupp	Grace E. Ehmann,	



**HONORING
ALWAYS
HAHNEMANN'S
NAME
ENDEAVORING
MIGHTILY TO
ATTAIN
NEWER HEIGHTS
NOBLER FAME**

GRACE E. EHMANN,
Class of 1927.

SARA JANE ANTES

"Sarajane"

Coatesville, Pa.

A figure not stout,
But long drawn out
To 'remarkable degree,
And she's so jolly,
We all love our Sally,
As everyone can see.



MIRIAM ELIZABETH BECKER

"Becker"

Myerstown, Pa.

Her cares never press her hardly.

CAROLINE FAHNESTOCK BELL

"Bella"

Waynesboro, Pa.

Learning without thought is labor lost,
Thought without learning is perilous.





MARY CHARLOTTE BRITTINGHAM

"Brit"

Pittsville, Md.

You can discover a contrivance, Mary,
for you are a woman.

*Well well such a happy time
Olivia Doering*

OLIVIA DOERING

"Olivia"

Kitchener, Ont., Canada

No work is menial which is of service to man.



GRACE ELIZABETH EHMANN

"Grace"

Philadelphia, Pa.

A girl reliable and true—
And furthermore, a worker, too.

MADELINE RUTH FEHR

"Maddy"

Bethlehem, Pa.

Fair, loving and jolly;
Entertaining, too;
Happy-go-lucky,
Romantic and true.



MILDRED GEARY

"Mil"

Minersville, Pa.

When it comes down to fun,
Mil is the one;
Though serious and quiet,
She can be a riot.



greeting
mily wheat 1967

EMILY AMANDA GIRVIN

"Girvin"

Lititz, Pa.

Modesty is the rarest jewel in a
maiden's dower.

Wow! 40th & she made it.



OLIVE MINNIE GOODWIN

"Goodie"

Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Her eyes so bright, her way so sweet,
She is a charming maid to meet.

MAUD ALLAN GRAHAM

"Maud"

Philadelphia, Pa.

The talent of success is nothing more
Than doing what you can do well.



HILDA ELIZABETH HARNISH

"Pidge"

Lebanon, Pa.

A ripple of laughter,
A clamor of noise,
That's Pidge all over,
She just bubbles with joy.



DOROTHEA ARNDT HARPER

"Harp"

Easton, Pa.

Quiet as you make them,
Thorough through and through,
And such a disposition,
You'd marvel at it, too.



FLORENCE ELIZABETH HEILNER

"Floss"

Philadelphia, Pa.

Nothing to do till tomorrow.

AGNES ALEXANDRIA JOHNSTON

"Jonny"

Trenton, N. J.

The thing that I'll most regret,
At the end of my training days,
Is—we must part to get our start,
And go our different ways.



*It has been such a
pleasant 40th Anniversary
Hope more will be able
to attend next year.
Sylvia*



LEE ANNA BLAIR KNUPP

"Knuppie"

Harrisburg, Pa.

Just to hear your voice and see you
Makes our sky more blue,
And we're just a bit more happy
Since a-crossing paths with you.

6-67
see of the
April 1904
M. Kreiss

MARTHA KREISS

"Marthy"

Philadelphia, Pa.

Actions speak louder than words.



HELEN WARNER LYMAN

"Lyman"

Norwich, Conn.

Onward and upward!
Helen began as one of us, but
Has gone far past most of us.

MARGARET PRISCILLA McHENRY

"Mac"

Philadelphia, Pa.

So buxom, blithe and debonair.



MARION ARLENE NEUPHER

"Neupher"

Terre Hill, Pa.

Among them, but not of them.

VIOLA ELLEN PARSONS

"Vi"

Bangor, Pa.

What I do most concerns me,
Not what people think.





MARY LOUISE PERKINS

"Polly"

Burlington, N. J.

Quick and lively, happy and gay,
A smile for all who come her way.

HELEN MARGARET PINE

"Pinic"

Coatesville, Pa.

A girl of many loves.



MERLE ELIZABETH SCHAEFFER

"Tiny"

Myerstown, Pa.

On with the dance,
Let joy be unconfined.

ILSE HANNA STALLING

"Ilse"

Guatemala, C. A.

Enthusiasm is that temper of the mind in which
the imagination has got the better
of the judgment.



OLGA BERTHA STALLING

"Olga"

Guatemala, C. A.

Nothing can bring lasting peace but the
triumph of principles.

LILLIAN CATHERINE STETTLER

"Stet"

Northampton, Pa.

Here's to our Dutch girl, "Stet,"
Big-hearted, kind and true.
Did you ever see her fret?
Rarely—her type are few.





ANNA ELIZABETH SWEIGART

"Anna"

Terre Hill, Pa.

'Tis the heaven within her
That makes the heaven without.

Little Old me Anne

EMILY MAPES TINTLE

"Tintle"

Philipsburg, Pa.

I have wandered o'er this fertile land,
No fairer girl I've found;
No smile so sweet to welcome me
When homeward I am bound!



HANNAH ESTHER TOWNSEND

"Han"

Dawson, Pa.

The heart of Han!
Who knows it? Do you?
Does she herself?
It loves while it hates,
Hates while it loves.
Strange—the heart of Han!

*Look to be to-gether
again - Best Wishes
Trouty*

ADA MONTANA TROUT

"Trouty"

Orwigsburg, Pa.

Troubles are nothing,
Tears aren't allowed;
To laugh and be happy—
That's our Trouty we pride.



BESSIE MAY WAGNER

"Wag"

Bridgeport, N. J.

It is right to be contented with what we have,
but never with what we are.

ALMA MAE WALTON

"Alma"

Burlington, N. J.

Air and manners are more expressive
than words.



*Best Wishes -
Alma*

Happy 40th Anniversary
Leah Myra Walton



LEAH MYRA WALTON

"Leah"

Christiana, Pa.

This is Leah, our little Quaker maid,
Sometimes you find her very staid,
But since in our midst
She has changed quite a bit.
Always dependable, accurate and character fine,
So what more could one put in this rhyme?

Here's to many
more anniversaries
after the 40th
Florence W. Cave

FLORENCE DAVIS WELLS

"Wells"

Savannah, Ga.

One who is known and loved by all—Florence Wells—

With ideals and standards high,
This whole-hearted girl our school has improved,
And been of use to all.



ANNA MARY WEST

"Annie"

Philadelphia, Pa.

East is east,
West is a dreamer,
Not for just a day,
Not for just a year—
But always!

So glad to be the Class' Honorary Husband
Jack Cavey
(nee Wells)

*all together
again
Westcotts*

KATHERINE BARTLING WESTCOTT

"Nellie"

Woodbury, N. J.

Man delights me not. No,
Nor woman, either.



MARY FRANCES WILTBANK

"Marafrances"

Kennedyville, Md.

She that was fair and never proud
Had a tongue and a will—and yet was never loud.

*Hoping for
a 50th Anniversary
& all will be together
Mary W. Murphy*



Class Officers

President

HELEN W. LYMAN

Vice-President

LEE ANNA B. KNUPP

Secretary

ANNA SWEIGART

Treasurer

OLIVIA DOERING



CLASS MOTTO

WE LIVE TO SERVE

CLASS COLORS

BLUE AND GOLD

CLASS FLOWER

FORGET-ME-NOT



THE 1927 CLASS OFFICERS

Class Song

Nurses we, in white and blue,
We're healthy, strong, and true;
We have a smile for everyone
His very path to strew;
To Hahnemann, we love so well,
Forever will proclaim—
The class of twenty-seven wants
To work and win her fame.

As members of this dear old class
Our lessons we must pass;
We fret not while we work or play,
But smile our cares away.
We love our Alma Mater so
She conquers every foe—
Our Hahnemann, so tried and true,
We'll always look to you.

LEE ANNA B. KNUPP,

Class of 1927.

Prophecy

I wonder why it's mostly you
I think of when I fret;
And mostly you I think of, too,
When any joy I get;
And mostly you I'm wanting near
When I've got an hour to spare;
I wonder why—with me off here—
And you away off there.

Years and years have passed by since we've been together—"our gang." Today I'm fair, fat and forty, but for the past few days I've thought about the crowd continuously and had come to the conclusion that at some time or other they must have given me a passing thought; so, to convince myself that they are all alive and active, I visited a clairvoyant—just to get a glimpse of the girls who shared each other's troubles and happiness for three years.

Upon entering the house of this "psychic wonder," I was led to a solitary room to the rear. In a corner she sat with a huge crystal in her lap. She pointed to a chair and I sat down. The woman said, "Now, just hold the crystal carefully and watch it very closely, and you will see the girls you have been wondering about, and you will see what they are doing now."

After a few moments the crystal appeared very cloudy, then began to clear up. There appeared the face of Florence Wells. She was standing upon a platform, lecturing, it seems, to a crowd of young girls in bathing suits. Florence had one hand on her hip and waving the other one. It seems she was saying, "Now, how do you expect to get it, if you don't do it the right way?" Then Sara Jane Antes appeared beside her. The class started moving—forming in line—with Misses Wells and Antes teaching Physical Education.

That picture dimmed and faded. Then I saw a theatre scene. It was a musical sketch—Marion Neupher, Viola Parsons, and Alma Walton appeared on the stage. Alma Walton seated herself at a piano, Miss Parsons had a violin, and it seemed that Miss Neupher was singing. It lasted a short time, holding the audience spell-bound.

Ada Trout and her husband are traveling. At the present time they are in Switzerland. Ada is learning fancy dancing at St. Moritz.

That picture faded—then I saw the woman gaze intently at the crystal. "They will appear quickly now," she said. Helen Pine's face outlined. "She is the wife of a red-headed doctor, and she is very happy." Merle Schaeffer—"She, too, is mar-

ried, her husband is a farmer, and they, too, are very happy. They have two grown-up daughters who are Trained Nurses." Mary Perkins is still nursing—she is the assistant to the famous Radium Specialist. Anna Sweigart, Lillian Stettler and Emily Tintle are on the Staff of a Children's Hospital in Florida. After finishing their Nursing course, they graduated in Medicine and have achieved fame in their treatment of children.

Leah Walton, Le Anna Knupp and Mildred Geary own a large Outfitting Shop for Ladies—the clothing imported from Paris. Getting a glimpse of the interior of the shop, I saw gorgeous gowns displayed upon beautiful living models. I recognized Miriam Becker, Madelind Fehr, Emily Girvin and Hilda Harnish as the models. They were gliding back and forth while women were admiring them and the *creations* which they wore. A dignified middle-aged woman entered the room and immediately attracted the attention of everyone—just by her air of distinction. She demanded to be shown into the presence of the owner of the shop. Miss Knupp walked forward and greeted her with a friendly smile. The crystal gazer explained, "That is Olivia Doering—she is a great society leader. She is complaining because the last ten gowns she ordered weren't delivered at the hour she needed one of them."

Agnes Johnston is married. She met her "fate" at a dance. After a whirlwind courtship, they decided that two could live cheaper than one (one what? and, besides, who wants to live cheap?). They lived happily together for six months until Agnes decided she wished to be an artist, so by mutual agreement they have separated. I saw a visualization of Agnes in a studio in Paris. She was drawing caricatures of some description. But most of the art was manifested in her beautifully furnished studio.

A race track, with thousands of people, was pictured. Up in the judges' stand sat Olga and Ilse Stalling. They were intently watching the race; and, looking closer, I saw that the horse in the lead was being ridden by a woman. She won the race. As she demounted and came over to shake hands with the Stalling girls—by her smile—I recognized Caroline Bell, riding in races just for the fun of it. "She never loses—always a winner—regardless of the fact that during her life she has fallen off more horses than the Prince of Wales." The woman smiled as she made that statement, for it seemed characteristic of the impulsive Caroline—you just couldn't worry her.

The next picture was an aviation field. There was an aeroplane suspended in midair—a stunt flyer—twisting and turning, dropping nearly to the ground, then flying straight up again. At last it landed, and the aviator I recognized at once as she emerged from behind the wheel. It was Helen Lyman. She was met by Olive Goodwin—also in an aviator's outfit—another sky pilot, who was about to go up

and write in smoke an advertisement for the Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph. "Those two girls live thrilling lives. They do that for pastime." Well, they can have it—I don't care how high up I go (in thoughts), still I'd rather keep one foot on the ground.

"The remaining girls you will recognize quickly," she said. Martha Kreiss and Mary Brittingham have charge of a School of Dietetics—teaching Nurses only. Together they have published several books on the "Cure of Diseases of Metabolism by Correct Dieting." Margaret McHenry is traveling at the present time with her husband, who is an Ambassador to China. She is his chief advisor, and her help has made him the famous man that he is. Bessie Wagner married a chemist. She is happy keeping her five boys out of mischief. Anna West owns several motion picture houses in Hollywood and entertains movie stars regularly. Her parties are given a front page in all the daily papers. Grace Ehmann, with the help and advice of Katherine Westcott, has founded a home for wayward girls. They are loved for the good they have done. The latter, Katherine Westcott, is married. She has two girls who are Nurses, and one boy, who has followed in his father's footsteps, and is a Doctor.

Florence Heilner is married. Her husband owns a large automobile concern, and Florence displays the latest thing in sport model roadsters, and is an authority on any kind of machinery concerning a car. Maud Graham has been married twice. Her first husband was a preacher, who died of pneumonia. The second is a lawyer. She has two red-headed boys. Mary Wiltbank, still blonde and fair, is a missionary. Her last trip was to Hindustan. She'll reform the heathen or he can't be reformed, for there are only two ways of doing things—her way and the wrong way. While she travels her husband plays golf and signs the checks for Mary's latest charity fund. Dorothy Harper's face was the last to appear. It still has its sweet smile, with a knowledge of things back of it. The smile won her friends during her training, and as her face was revealed to me in the crystal it is the same smile that is now winning hearts of the public. She is prima donna and is singing in Austria at the present time.

Now, at last I am happy, knowing that my chums are somewhere on the face of the earth. I left satisfied, my mind at ease concerning the girls. Arriving at my home, I sat down and contemplated buying a crystal for my own pleasure and pastime. Just any time you think of a person, pick it up, gaze into its depths and the world before you lies! A knock rudely interrupted my thoughts—it grew more insistent—then a voice—my roommate, anything but cheerful, "Get up, Han, you're always last to roll call, and this is the last time I'm going to call you."

Perhaps it is just as well that I just dreamed about the crystal gazer.

HANNAH E. TOWNSEND,

Class of 1927.

Who's Who and Why

<i>Name</i>	<i>What We Call Her</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
Miss Caroline F. Bell	Bella	To learn how to worry
Miss Maud A. Graham	Maud	To be naughty
Miss Agnes A. Johnston	Jonny	To laugh and grow fat
Miss Florence E. Heilner	Floss	To be Mrs. ———
Miss Hannah E. Tounsend	Han	To be an old maid
Miss Katherine B. Westcott	Nellie	To be nice and naughty
Miss Mary Wiltbank	Marafrances	To write about the "Eastern Shore"
Miss Anna M. West	Annie	To see all the "movies"
Miss Dorothea A. Harper	Harp	To "tell them what I think"
Miss Olive M. Goodwin	Goodie	To boost Pittsburgh
Miss Mary C. Brittingham	Brit	To be a lady of leisure
Miss Grace E. Elmann	Grace	To be a great success
Miss Martha Kreiss	Marthy	To be night clinic nurse
Miss Helen W. Lyman	Helen	To make this book a success
Miss Margaret McHenry	Mac	To be tennis champion
Miss Olga B. Stalling	Olga	To be clinic supervisor
Miss Ilse H. Stalling	Ilse	To always have a good time
Miss Bessie M. Wagner	Wag	To be somebody's Sheba
Miss Sara J. Antes	Sarajane	To be a circus midget
Miss Miriam E. Becker	Becker	To be the reason whymen leave home
Miss Olivia Doering	Olivia	To be a lady doctor
Miss Madeline R. Fehr	Maddy	To be a Siamese twin
Miss Mildred Geary	Mil	To live to be a hundred
Miss Emily A. Girvin	Girvin	To be a dancer
Miss Hilda E. Harnish	Pidge	To be a Doctor's wife
Miss Le Anna Knupp	Knuppie	To lead an orchestra
Miss Marion A. Neupher	Neupher	To be a minister's wife
Miss Viola E. Parsons	Vi	To have "it"
Miss Mary L. Perkins	Polly	To grow up
Miss Helen M. Pine	Pinie	To be a missionary worker
Miss Merle Schaeffer	Tiny	To always work in OBS
Miss Anna E. Sweigart	Anna	To be <i>his</i> pal and severest critic
Miss Lillian C. Stettler	Stet	To write the book of knowledge
Miss Emily M. Tintle	Tintle	To be OBS supervisor
Miss Ada M. Trout	Trouty	To eat and grow thin
Miss Alma M. Walton	Alma	Never showed any
Miss Leah M. Walton	Leah	To be a pace setter
Miss Florence D. Wells	Wells	To be Superintendent of Nurses

The Hahnemann Hospital Nurses' Alumnae Association, Inc.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to the Class of 1927:

It is the wish of the Alumnae to have every graduate Nurse a Registered Nurse and a member of the Association, so at this opportune time we take pleasure in inviting you to join with us. Come and inspire us with your presence and help.

I am sure you will find the Alumnae Association one of your truest and most helpful professional friends.

Sincerely,

MERLE E. BAHNER, R.N., Secretary.



All in the State of Mind

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you would like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you're lost;
For out in the world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere ever a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work is begun.
Think big and your deed will grow,
Think small and you will fall behind;
Think that you can and you will—
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise—
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man,
For sooner or later the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

My Midnight Way

All night long and every night,
After I've turned out the light,
As with my eyes tight shut I lie,
I see an army marching by
Of all the things I do and say,
And think about all through the day.
And, oh, it is a strange array
That throngs along my Midnight Way!

There is a room, I think it's "B,"
And instruments from down in "C,"
Knives and scissors, sterile gauze,
Supervisors laying down the laws.
First of all a carrier I see,
Bringing an appendectomy,
Rushed by an orderly, dark and tall,
Down the ether-scented hall.
Then there comes a masked Doctor,
Who'll scrub and dip and powder;
The Nurse puts on his gown and gloves,
And he's ready then for what he does.
And sometimes Doctor scowls at me,
But, though I look, I cannot see
That he is missing any tool—
He's only waiting for his stool.
But he doesn't shout and fuss or stew,
Hide the mops—throw instruments at you.
I think he does those things by day,
And when he comes my Midnight Way
He lays aside his butchers' guise
And seems more kind and friendly-wise.
And then come funny little elves
Called twenty-fives, which state themselves,
And this is what they seem to say
Whene'er they come my Midnight Way:
We're made up quite religiously,
Folded in halves, like this, you see;
Then we're folded into forty-four,
And this the Nurses all adore.

And now we're ready to feel the hack,
 Right straight down and through the back,
 With that bold electric thing.
 My! but how that saw can sing!
 Sometimes we get so very rough,
 They cut their fingers quite enough;
 Then we're folded into three
 Until, alas, oh, mercy me!
 We're inside out and very wee,
 They pick off every speck they see.
 Then we're counted into five—
 Five such fives make twenty-five.
 They squeeze us into a very small wrapper,
 Really we couldn't get much flatter;
 And then we wear our names outside
 And we're put in to sterilize.
 The Doctor, he doesn't realize, though,
 The trouble to which those Nurses go.

HELEN W. LYMAN,

Class of 1927.



A Night Nurse's Thoughts

The fatal hours of life come—linger, pass—will it survive? Can this vitality stand the test? Duty calls and the response is the best a Nurse has to give. Regardless of who she is, her uttermost is in the strife. Why? Is it not human to fight for life, even though odds are piled heavily against us? These thoughts are overcome by daybreak.

The work must be finished; it cannot be left for another. The duty hours may be seven to seven, but when unfinished work remains time is nothing. Here one can compare this with the hours of other professions. Then—duty complete—one more night checked off of our three months' hardest responsibilities.

Now—shall I sleep, study or sew? Only sleep will come to an overworked mind. Therefore, the answer of ambition—I shall sleep until afternoon, then a little recreation must be acquired. But is this put into practice?

The last night! What a relief to a tired, tortured mind! But the world is outside—a Nurse lives her life, and that alone—if successful. Three years pass—time and tide wait for no man. Therefore, the outer world is a bewilderment which must be solved again.

ESTHER HOLZBAUR,

Class of 1928.

School Spirit

Just what is the definition of "school spirit?" The words are used by every student or to every student many times during the year, and yet, like other well-worn expressions, difficult to define. We will not attempt to add to the list of vague definitions of this important thing in our school life, but rather notice the practical side of a fine school spirit:

1. A fine school spirit will compel us to pay careful attention to school regulations, so that it will not be necessary to call attention to them again. No fine school spirit is possible where this is not true.
2. A fine school spirit will make us careful about such matters as the prompt payment of bills or dues, and the returning of borrowed articles or money.
3. A fine school spirit will make us careful not to use our neighbor's things.
4. A fine school spirit demands neatness in appearance.
5. A fine school spirit requires the cultivation of lowered voices in conversation.
6. A fine school spirit fosters courtesy in all our relations with each other.
7. A fine school spirit demands consideration of the rights of others.
8. A fine school spirit is shown in carefulness and charity in our criticism of each other.
9. A fine school spirit will demand care and faithfulness in work on duty—a great test of character.
10. A fine school spirit will prevent dishonest work in the class room and everywhere else.
11. A fine school spirit will drive from our midst all those things which are absolutely wrong.
12. A fine school spirit will insist upon careful use of institutional property, so as to prevent breakage and waste.
13. A fine school spirit will depend upon a high sense of individual honor developed alone by high standards of thought and action.
14. A fine school spirit will make us obedient to our supervisors.

Let us aim to develop a strong "school spirit" and keep it fine for those who are to come after us. It rests with us of today to see that the unworthy, harmful, ignoble things that continually seek to creep in and mar our school spirit are denied admission. We can all help.

Help to make your room one of the very best.
Help to make your class one of the very best.
Help to make your ward one of the very best.
Help to make your school one of the very best.

The only real and sure way to have a fine school spirit is for every one of us to remember "whose we are and whom we serve."

HELEN W. LYMAN,
Class of 1927.



An Ode to Posture

Good posture is an asset which very few possess ;
Sad to relate, the favored ones seem to be growing less.
We see the folks around us all slumped down in a heap,
And the way that people navigate is enough to make you weep ;
Some elevate their shoulders, some hollow in their backs,
Some stiffen up their muscles, and some just plain relax.
The one who walks with grace and poise is a spectacle so rare
That even down on gay Broadway the people turn and stare.
If you would cut a figure in business, sport or school,
Just mind the posture precepts, obey the posture rule.
Don't thrust your head out turtle-wise, don't hunch your shoulders so,
Don't sag and drag yourself around, no style to that, you know.
Get uplift in your bearing, and strength, and spring, and vim ;
No matter what your worries, to slouch won't alter them.
Just square your shoulders to the world, you're not the sort to quit,
"It isn't the load that breaks us down, it is the way we carry it."

HELEN W. LYMAN,
Class of 1927.

Ten Commandments for Nurses

1. Always wear thy caps well forward on thy heads, "for such is the custom of those who have gone before thee."
2. Forget not that thy profession demands that thy features be not disguised beneath the mundane cosmetics. "Shun not the face the Omnipotent Father gave thee."
3. Speak thou only when spoken to, for do not the Scriptures promise "the meek shall inherit the earth."
4. E'en tho' a woman's crowning glory be her hair, keep thou thy locks imprisoned within the confines of the lowly hair net, "for thy reward shall be very great in the Nursing Office."
5. Watch thou thy turn for the securing of the requisites of thy nightly ablutions, for the good Book says, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Be ye not negligent in the dutiful cleansing of the tub.
6. Adorn not thy members with worldly goods and jewels, "for they are deemed instruments of the devil."
7. Seek ye the rest of thy own bed and the solitude of thine own chamber when the hour of ten doth approach, "for such is the will of thy superiors."
8. Set ye all things in their own peculiar place, and know ye that order is the greatest grace.
9. Honor thy Seniors, for their days are numbered. "Walk before them and be ye perfect."
10. Partake ye not of rich food or drink other than that allotted to thee by thy superiors, "for resolute self-denial is noble and excellent in a character."

Quoted.



THE FIRST STUDENT COUNCIL—1927

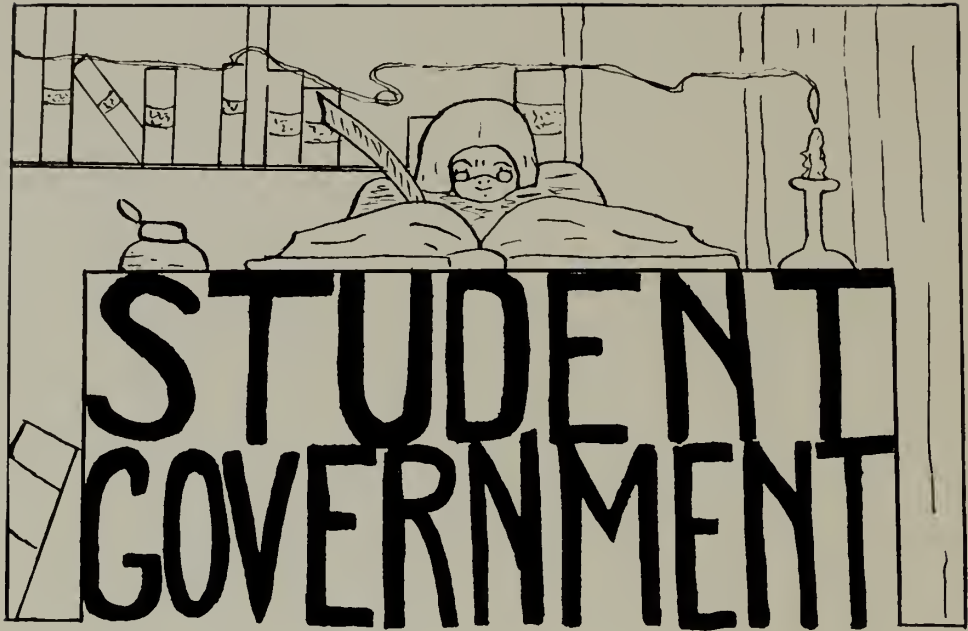
Agnes A. Johnston
Isabel McNeal, Secretary

Helen W. Lyman, Vice-President
Florence D. Wells, President

Olivia Doering
Jenny Petry

Marie Jacobs, Treasurer

Ruth Dotts



There is always a purpose for the beginning and perpetuating of any worthwhile movement. Therefore it is fitting that the purpose should be stated, and it is well to keep it fresh in the minds of those who are to abide by it.

"The purpose of this Student Association shall be to develop among the students a spirit of fellowship and co-operation; to establish a feeling of responsibility, individually and collectively; and to uphold the ideals and honor of every member of this body."

About two and a half years ago the subject of student government was weakly brought to the front by a group of Probationers in a little sketch. From that time groups began to discuss the matter, which has now developed into a reality.

Since December, 1926, the students have been in direct charge of the resident life of our student body. The time has been too short to be able to state whether the change has been successful, but so far the future looks bright.

Student government does not mean that we have the liberty to come and go as we please, but it does mean that we have a chance to appreciate the responsibility of controlling ourselves. This is a very hard task. It is much easier to control or tell others what to do, but it is a very hard proposition when it comes to directing ourselves.

Of course, we hear many remarks which are not at all favorable to the cause, but that is to be expected. It is always the mistakes and bad points that stand out, and if we but delve into the matter we find so many good qualities.

Just give us a fighting chance, and it will not be long before everyone will be boosting our Student Association.

FLORENCE D. WELLS,
President of the Student Association.





Class Songs and Cheers

Oh, Seniors! Come on with us and play;
Come bring your dollies three,
Climb down our apple tree,
Shove down our rain barrel,
Slide down our celiar door,
And we'll be jolly friends forevermore.

We're the girls that have the ginger,
We're the girls that have the pep,
We're a lively, jolly bunch of school girls;
Why, we never worry, fret or fuss,
But when we are living here at Hahnemann
We just bet that you envy us.

Oh! here's to '27, '27, '27;
Oh! here's to '27, '27—rah! rah!
We'll cheer them—they deserve it;
We'll cheer them—they deserve it;
Oh! here's to '27—we'll cheer them, rah! rah!

We may be lacking in talent,
We may be lacking in looks,
But we are the jolliest Seniors
That ever sought knowledge from books.

Seniors, Seniors, Class of '27, are we—
Seniors, Seniors, Class of '27.

We came to Hahnemann—
We were just Probationers then;
The Seniors and Juniors wore the caps,
And how we looked up to them!
But now we, too, are there;
We sit in the Senior chair.
Cheer up, my dears, in a very few years
You, too, will be Seniors.

CHORUS—Seniors.

Hahnemann, all glorious,
We'll sing to thee,
Pledging our loyalty,
Trust, honor, sincerity.
Oh! come let's together sing
Our songs to thee,
While Hahnemann stands defended
By the blue and the gold.



'Twas on a Sunday

'Twas on a Sunday in Clinic,
Not an operation in sight.
Everything that we could see
Were pots and pans from morn till night.

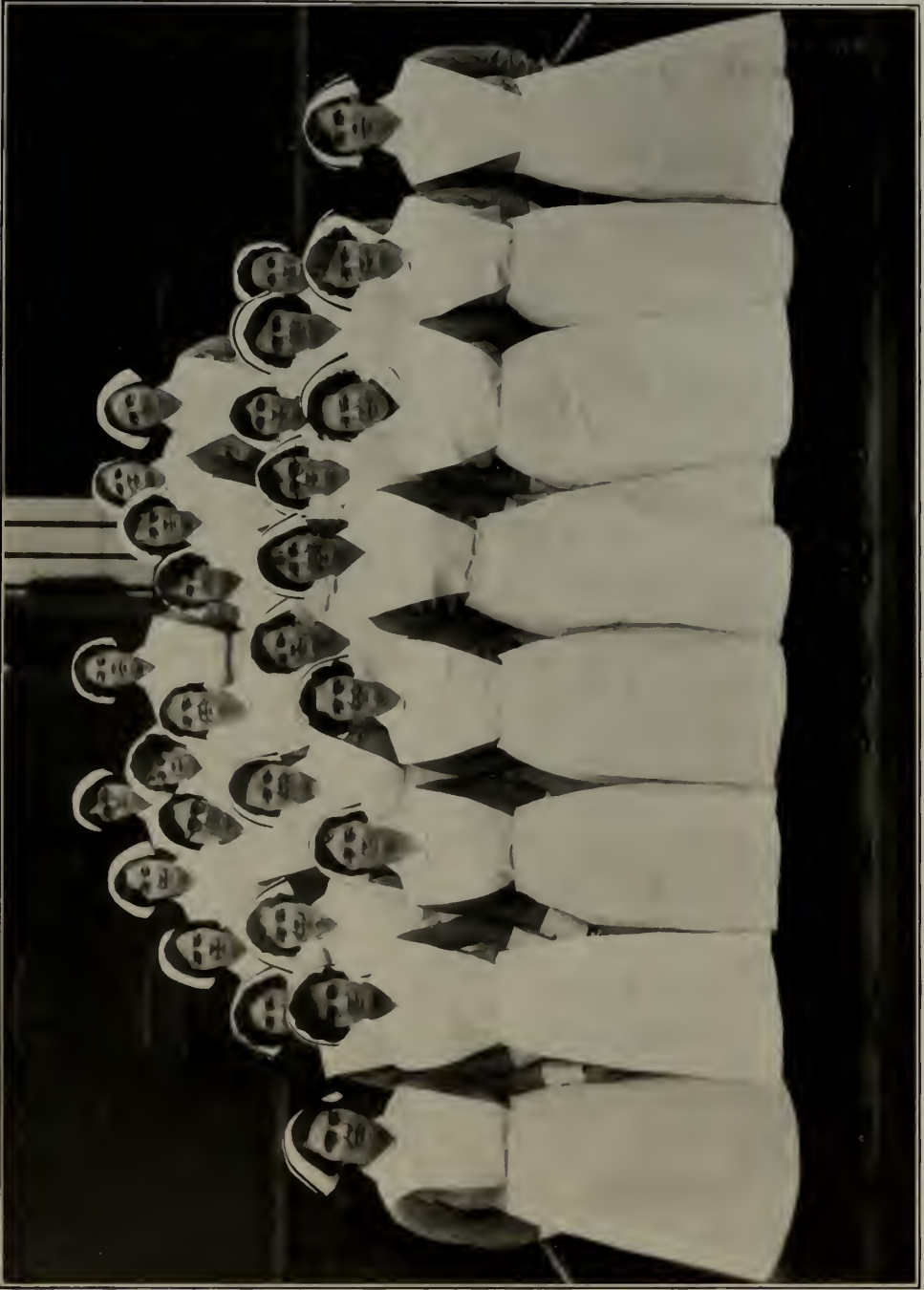
We scoured the pots and pans,
And the chairs and all the stools—
Then we started on the closets,
And cleaned up all the tools.

We washed the walls and tables,
Then the sinks and then the hopper,
And then the sterilizers—oh,
Everything must be quite proper.

After five P. M., the General Roll,
The precious book comes down again,
And instruments are carefully chosen,
Sterilized and placed on the Covered Wagon.

Then, when all the cleaning is over,
In A, B, C, D and E,
They start and operate,
Perchance an emergency!

HELEN W. LYMAN,
Class of 1927.



THE GLEE CLUB



FIRST OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	CORRINE BROAD
<i>Vice-President</i>	FLORENCE WELLS
<i>Secretary</i>	SARA JANE ANTES
<i>Treasurer</i>	HAZEL LARSON

The Hahnemann Hospital Student Nurses' Glee Club is an ambition which has not yet reached its height on the ladder of success. In order to reach the top, the Club needs the backing and boosting of a group of interested and enthusiastic members.

The history of our Glee Club is still in the making, since last spring was our first attempt in this particular line of entertainment. We had a membership which consisted of over half of the students of the school, but the attendance at the meetings was very poor. Our chief handicap was the Night Duty period, which withdrew the members from the meetings for three months. This year it is hoped that arrangements can be made that members can attend the meetings regardless of the Night Duty term.

Money was raised by selling Christmas cards; sandwiches, twice a week at night; pencils, and the raffling off of a bed lamp.

What we want this year is to aspire for recognition and the accomplishment of making our Glee Club presentable in order to participate in school affairs, such as graduation exercises. In order to do this, there will have to be time and effort spent.

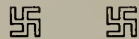
It is said that people usually work better under pressure and against obstacles. We should have a hundingler Glee Club if this saying is true, eh?

FLORENCE WELLS, Class of 1927.

We Wonder What Would Happen If

No one "copped" the bathroom light globes.
We didn't talk "shop."
Our plumbing system was perfect.
A piano-tuner came to the Nurses' Home.
No one called the Day Nurses.
The Probies didn't wake the Night Nurses.
Miss Johnston got fat.
Miss Bell started to worry.
Miss Graham was less energetic.
Miss Townsend was first to breakfast.
Miss Heilner didn't see "someone."
Miss Wiltbank wasn't always being abused.
Miss Westcott ran wild.
Miss West couldn't go to the "movies."
Miss Harper got off duty at seven bells.
Miss Goodwin didn't bet on Pittsburgh.
Miss Trout lost her good nature.
Miss Knupp forgot how to whistle.
Miss Girvin lost her smile.
Miss L. Walton didn't laugh.
Miss Becker's voice changed.
Miss Lyman lost interest.
Miss Brittingham cared for others' opinions.
Miss Ehmann didn't know what was going on.
Miss Kreiss wasn't with Britt.
Miss McHenry bet on Dempsey.
Miss O. Stalling didn't have her sister here.
Miss I. Stalling didn't have a good time.
Miss Wagner laughed at the right time.
Miss Antes lost her voice.
Miss Doering couldn't nurse.
Miss Fehr couldn't dance.

Miss Geary's frown froze on her face.
Miss Harnish didn't giggle.
Miss Neupher lost her temper.
Miss Parsons couldn't smile.
Miss Perkins was serious.
Miss Pine didn't like red-headed persons.
Miss Schaeffer worried.
Miss Stettler couldn't give her opinion.
Miss Tintle was different.
Miss A. Walton's hair turned black.
Miss Wells wasn't in everything.
Miss Sweigart stopped worrying.
There were no Seniors.



Will You Ever Forget

Miss Hood?
The first night in Training?
The first day on Duty?
The first night on Night Duty?
Obs?
Miss Smith?
The first day in Clinic?
The first time you scrubbed?
Relieving for "public health?"
Your first vacation?
When you got your Black Band?
When you got your Class Ring?
Kitchen?
Mrs. Ward?



THE CLASS OF 1928



THE CLASS OF 1929

Joy Shoppe's Interme's



Lest We Forget

Dr. Tori's analysis of ethyl chloride.
Dr. Ekstedt's hair at 3 A. M.
Dr. Gallo's hair tonic.
Dr. Rubenstein's treats to Gyn Nurses.
The hyper-politeness of Dr. Ludwig.
The unfailing good nature belonging to Dr. McGrath.
The quiet manner of Dr. Stephany.
Dr. Mayer's knowledge.
The time Dr. Rihl shaved off his mustache.
The time Dr. Hirshhorn bet on Dempsey.
When Dr. Straub played policeman watching a diphtheria
case in Dispensary until the ambulance came to take
him to Communicable Hospital.



Dear Doctors

This, our daughter, Alice Jane Lucus,
Was a T. and A. and a Sub-mucus.
What happened to her I cannot tell,
For she first came to you, living and well.
First she went to your diagnosticians,
Sharson and Carpenter, young physicians
In your Accident Ward. They said she had
A very poor heart ; her condition was bad.
She was sent to old women's heaven,
The Medical Ward, number seven.
Drs. Lanshe and Flanagan both said then
They thought they'd consult with Gyn.
Drs. Moyer and Leman said, "We guess
We'd better consult with Obs.
Then Heinbach and Baxter thought the matter
Was a condition of her gall-bladder.
Damiani and Crellin came from lab.,
Made all sorts of culture test smear and stab.
As a last resource Drs. Somers and Gray
Did a Sub-mucus and T. and A.
Poor little Alice came home and bled,
And in a short time poor Alice was dead.

GRACE E. EHMANN,
Class of 1927.

Let Nature Take Her Corpse

Marybell Margaret Helen May
Got sore throat, was a T. and A.
Marybell May had a relapse
(All of these are honest facts!)
Well, they gently laid her on the table.
Knife and scissors in his hand,
The interne cut 'er open,
And just slashed to beat the band!
Her relaxed muscles, cut and rent 'em,
Lacerated the great omentum,
Removed her stomach, pancreas and bladder,
That old sinner knew he had 'er.
Under ether, she would dream—
So, just in fun, removed her spleen.
Then I saw him cut and sliver,
In one hand he held her liver.
“All rights reserved,” he thickly muttered,
Clutched her left kidney, how I shuddered!
With a knife, long and sharp,
Whacked right out her only heart!
Then to perform some funny tricks,
Abducted her appendix.
“Take this blood test over to lab.”—
He'd punctured her aorta with one stab!
Sympathy? He'd not one speck—
Winding the ascending vena cava around 'er neck.
No one looked—no one seen 'im
When he nicked her duodenum.
She was slowly, slowly fadin',
Still so young and fair a maiden,
She'd hardly time to reconnoitre
When he took her toxic goitre.
But I know she heard them say,
“Did we leave six vertebra?”
The last resource—a diagnostician—
Mary died with a lung condition!

HANNAH E. TOWNSEND,
Class of 1927.

If Dreams Come True

"If the hop-toad had wings he wouldn't go bumping along the ground." Just a saying, but how very true it is. I am going to substitute some words for the ones in the first quotation. "If Hahnemann School of Nursing suddenly fell heir to all the money of Croesus, probably then we would have an ideal gymnasium for the girls." I shall try my best to tell you all about this ideal "gym," as I have seen it in my dreams. The building was situated across from the Nurses' Home and connected by an underground tunnel. It was a very attractive building of Gothic architecture.

The public often wondered why Hahnemann had built the best-equipped "gym" for the Nurses in the city. (So have the rest of us wondered.)

Now for a trip through the building. We all came off duty and *crawled* over to the "gym" for at least two hours of fun. After crawling *over* we all "fell" into our bathing suits, and a few second later a scream of "Come on in, the water's fine." After three-quarters of an hour's fun in the pool, we changed our suits and *rushed* up to the second floor. We might have crawled into our suits, but the water worked magic in stirring up our pep, hence the rushing to the second floor, playing a couple of games of exciting basketball, while others amused themselves by practicing archery, bowling, and even billiards.

The third floor of the "gym" was the auditorium, where we held our dances, gave small entertainments, and held our meetings.

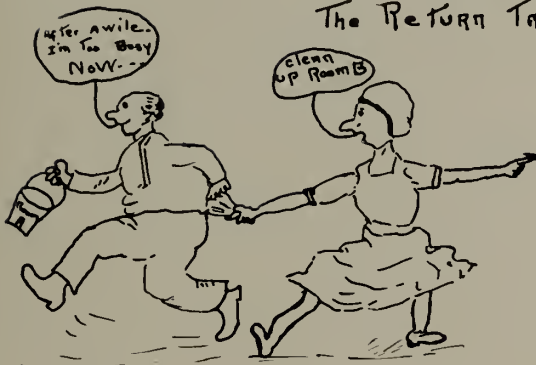
The school spirit of the Hahnemann students had increased at least seventy-five per cent since the opening of the "gym."

Somebody yelled, "Six o'clock—time to get up." And thus my dream ended. How very interesting it would be if dreams came true!

SARA JANE ANTES,
School of Nursing, Class of 1927.



The Return Trip



The Orderly Way
on T & A Day



Bedside
Nursing

When The
Doctor Leaves



'Member, Do You? So Do I!

'Member, awful long ago,
Most three years or so,
When we asked Miss Hood if we
Could enter Hahnemann and be
Free to earn our bread and butter?
Mercy, how our teeth did chatter.
An' she accepted by an' by.
'Course you 'member! So do I!

'Member when we packed our clothes—
You all 'member how it goes—
And such weeping that the sound
Could be heard just miles around.
But we'd decided to go in training,
And all that day it never ceased raining.
But we got there by an' by—
'Member, do you? So do I!

'Member once, when you an' me
Had to recite in Anatomy?
We had cried all that night,
And we just couldn't study right.
Then the teacher called on me,
She gave me zero—such sympathy!
So I sat down—by an' by!
'Course you 'member! So do I!

'Member Saturday at noon,
We tried to get off too soon
For a week-end, and were taught
A lesson? For we all were caught,
An' they marched us back an' then
Asked if we'd be bad again,
And we promised, by an' by—
'Course you 'member! So do I!

'Member the first day in the Ward.
My, we surely did work hard.
We cleaned and cleaned, and then we scoured.
Oh! this life is simply horrid!

Then we put away the linen, and, oh!
We had to have every corner just so.
We got off—by an' by—
'Member, do you? So do I!

Next day, you 'member, I guess
That day spent in Obs.
We had fifty-eleven beds to make,
Then we dried the gloves—for mercy sake,
Will we ever get through?
All the dirty work we have to do.
We got peevish, by an' bye—
'Member, do you? So do I!

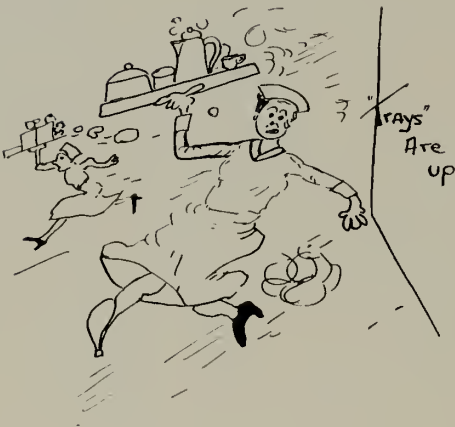
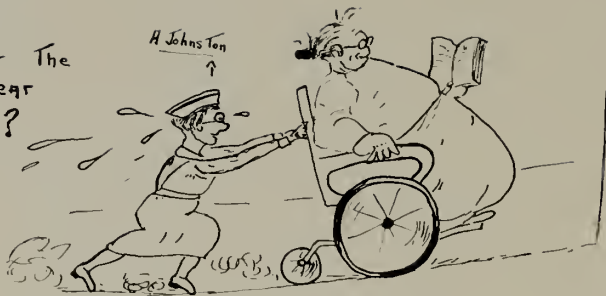
'Member after four months, perhaps,
They decided to give us our caps.
My, didn't we feel quite dignified!
Then we all were satisfied.
They couldn't call us "Probie,"
Which seemed to be quite a hobby,
So we grew up, by an' by—
'Course you 'member! So do I!

'Member when we were told,
"Report on Night Duty," and we were cold
With terror. How we tried in vain
To close our eyes, but ne'er the twain
Would sleep? And then that night—
We couldn't help it—they just would shut tight.
The Supervisor woke me—by an' by—
Do you 'member? So do I!

'Member, do you—three long months,
Then vacations—two weeks at once?
Didn't take long before we had
Every single thing in a bag,
And when we reached the station
We talked about all creation
And the Hospital—by an' by—
'Member, do you? So do I!

HELEN W. LYMAN,
Class of 1927.

Remember The
incline near
Ward VII?



In The Hands of The Enemy

The Internes have
Altogether too
much Work
to do —



Just Me, That's All

Recited in Materia Medica,
Diagram stated wrong,
Now I'm blithely singing
With the angel throng.

'Twas a clear blue day,
We could see far,
Cast my eyes toward Jersey,
Pearly gates afar.

Said the skull was solid bone
In anatomy—
Now the papers writing
My sad eulogy.

I swept the dust behind the door,
My bed I did not fix;
Now I'm waiting for a boat
To cross the river Styx.

Gazed without the window
Of class room number three;
Now I'm knocking on the gate—
Oh, saints, be good to me.

No late "Per,"
Up I stay,
Gentle knock,
Judgment day!

HELEN W. LYMAN,
Class of 1927.



We Wonder

Where's this school agoin',
And what's it gonna do,
And how's it gonna do it,
When the Seniors all get through?

* * *

It's easy enough to be happy
While life is a bright, rosy wreath,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When the dentist is filling his teeth.

Us

FREE VERSE (ABSOLUTELY FREE)

If we dwelt in the Land o' Germs,
No one but you and I,
We'd live on typhoid bacillus,
And I'd feed you measles pie.

We'd have scarlet fever puddings,
Don't they make you sigh?
Diphtheria cakes for breakfast—
And, listen, just you and I!

Anthrax soup for dinner,
Served under a tetanus tree,
While chicken-pox are singing—
Gee, ain't it great to be free?

For supper we'd have fried diplococcus—
I can almost hear them cry—
Wouldn't it just be heavenly
To live that way, just you and I?

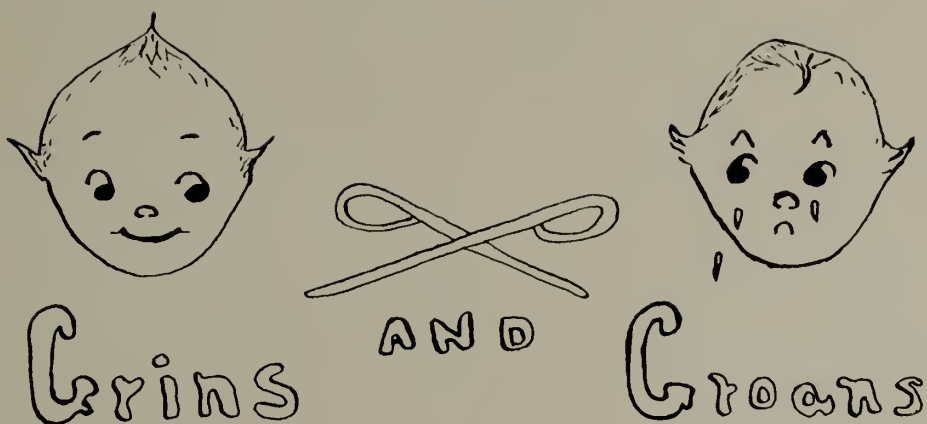
Some folks live and thrive on love,
But give us good, filthy germs—
You can have your old spaghetti,
But us—well, we'll take worms!

HANNAH E. TOWNSEND,
Class of 1927.



Wouldn't It Be Funny, If

Polly Perkins decided to grow up?
Wells forgot to smile?
Geary forgot her professional air?
West forgot that superior authority of a Senior?
They forgot to put Fehr on duty in the Women's Building?
Sally forgot to be noisy?
"Pinie" decided not to dance any more?



All jokes should be carefully written and sent in on tracing paper, so that we may see through them.

Maddy Fehr and Ada Trout had just returned from the "Rendezvous," where great indulgment of sweets had been given to.

Maddy—"I say, Trouty, what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Trouty (decidedly sad)—"If I knew, I'd try some."

* * *

Dr. Criswell to Edith Weeks—"What kind of filling do you want in this tooth?"

Edith—"I'll take chocolate, please."

* * *

The graduate of an automobile school calls it his Alma Motor.

* * *

"Where are you going after you graduate?"

"I'm off to India for a year or two."

"Well, drop us a lion some time."

* * *

Sara Jane Antes (in Anatomy Class)—"I can't express what I want to say, Miss Wilson, but it's on the end of my tongue."

Miss Wilson—"Let me see your tongue."

* * *

Smart—"Half a dozen doctors have given Jane up."

Smarter—"You don't say. What is the matter with her?"

Smartest—"She simply won't pay their bills."

Knuppie—"We women bear pain better than men."

Geary—"Who told you that, a doctor?"

Knuppie—"No, a shoemaker."

* * *

Teacher—"Why don't you like our school, Benny?"

Benny—"Oh, it's not the school so much as it's the principal of the thing."

* * *

Voice at the other end of line—"Hello, is it a boy or girl?"

Wesley answered—"She isn't delivered yet."

Voice—"She must be; the ambulance left an hour ago."

* * *

Professor Sallova—"I wish to marry your daughter, sir. I have a chair in Johns Hopkins."

Parent—"And, sir, do you expect me to furnish the remainder of the house?"

* * *

Senior—"Is he ready for the Operating Room?"

M. Geary (when a Probie).—"Yes, he's ready."

Senior—"My dear, you've put both legs in the one ether legging."

Mildred—"Oh, well, one's big enough. Why waste linen?"

* * *

Doctor—"You seem to be getting weaker. My advice is to drink a quart of water with each meal."

Patient—"Great Scott, if I keep that up I'll be worse than weak—I'll be diluted!"

* * *

Nurse—"Did you ever run a temperature?"

Patient—"No, but I've ran every other kind of car."

* * *

Just because a man limps, Miss West, it doesn't say he should be admitted as a leg case.

* * *

Why does a sculptor die a horrible death?

Because he makes faces and busts.

* * *

Why is a dog biting his tail a good manager?

Because he makes both ends meet.

* * *

What belongs to yourself but is more used by your friends?

Your name.

* * *

When Wells, Geary and Antes start raving about their he-male friends—
then shall the sands of the desert grow cold.

Elevator boy bangs the door at 3 A. M.

Nurse—"S-s-s-s-sch!"

Elevator Boy—"Yes, I might wake the Nurses."

* * *

Teacher—"A fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer."

Student—"That's why I flunked."

* * *

Why is an author the queerest animal in the world?

Because his tales come out of his head.

* * *

Why is a washerwoman like a navigator?

Because she spreads her sheets.

* * *

Which is the liveliest city in the world?

Berlin—because it is always on the Spree.

* * *

If an egg was found on a music stool, what would it remind you of?

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

* * *

What four letters would frighten a thief?

O. I. C. U.

* * *

Why is a watch like a river?

Because it doesn't run long without winding.

* * *

Prof.: "How many bones in your body?"

Student: "306."

Prof.: "I don't have so many."

Student: "Maybe you didn't eat fish for dinner."

* * *

Doctor (over phone): "Please send the Ethyl Chloride to Ward A."

Nurse: "We have no one here by that name."

PROBIE OCCUPATIONS

Hunting through the linen closet for operative sheets.
Trying to give an enema with an enteroclysis can.
Bringing in another Probie when asked for a probe.

* * *

Teacher's tired, pupils blue,
Questions flying; zeros, too.
What's the matter? Don't you know?
Monday morning—always so.

* * *

To bob it or not to bob it, that is the question;
Whether it is nobler in the mind
To let the scissors have their way
Or leave the locks behind.

* * *

Lines of great men all remind us
We should do our best,
And, departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

—*Seniors.*

* * *

Well, since the world's a large, wild place,
And often inconvenient,
We might, among ourselves at least,
Be friendly here and lenient.

—H. M. P.

* * *

Poor Sally, such a shame, it seems,
That just before Christmas
Her appendix did turn green.
When all other girls go home
Our Sally will be left in "Fowler" alone.
But don't you worry, cry or fret,
Sally will have her turkey yet.

HELEN PINE.



On a week-end in Clinic, Miss Larson returned from her room at 3 P. M., after awakening from a deep sleep, and when told that this was her week-end off, inquired, rubbing her eyes, "Oh, is this Saturday?"

* * *

OH! MY GOSH!

Dramatic Instructor—"Get up on the stage, I want to see your pantomime."

Co-ed—"But, sir, I haven't any on."

* * *

What is that which is put on a table and cut but never eaten?
A pack of cards.

Doctor—"Well, Pat, did those leeches I gave your wife help her any?"

Pat—"Well, Doc, she ate the first one raw, but I had to fry the rest."

* * *

Mrs. Dugan—"Why does Mike run around the yard for a few days and then skip around another day?"

Mrs. Dugan—"Why, the Doctor told him to take some pills two days running and then skip the next day."

* * *

While yet new, a certain Nurse was taking a temp. of a patient and broke the thermometer. She called the Supervisor and reported, "Mr. W—— has apparently swallowed a thermometer."

* * *

Over the phone—"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"How is she?"

"She? Who do you mean?"

"My wife, how is she?"

"Who under the sun is your wife?"

"Mary."

AND THEY KILLED MEN LIKE LINCOLN.

* * *

Two men were lunching together. One man ordered soup. The other asked whether it tasted good. "It ought to," said the first man, "it's fourteen carrots."

* * *

For as the years roll by, and one by one

Our classmates scatter far,

Our thoughts turn back to Hahnemann,

What we were then—now are.

Those worries are now pleasures

Forgotten, is each tiresome rule;

Those tasks, once irked, are treasures,

And memories cluster 'round our school.

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